The Mashattan Athletic Club Trying Hard to Get Back White-Collar and Elbow Wreating Uneful in Fighting-Carney Wants a Cast-Iron Contract With McAu-



NDUCEMENTS of all kinds are being offered by the Manhattans to get W. C. White, who seceded from them after ill treatment. when he was ill in the Canadian championships, joined the New Yorks and swept all before him, to rejoin their ranks. White, it is said, is to have all his dues paid up, his his dues paid up, his expenses paid, and a trip to England with the Manhattan team next summer if he will

only return to the fold. White told Tan EVENING WORLD man yesterday the New Yorks vere pretty white sort of people.

Jockey W. Walker, who given up riding and looks after his commencement of a stable. Alex. T. made this innocent adstable. Alex. T. made this innocent admission the other day: "It makes me mad when people look around and stare at me while I eat my regular pint of chestnuts or peanuts during the performance of every play I go to see." Walker and his chum. Alex. Maguire, who used to keep as a hotel the place in Blissville cockfighter Mike Kearney recently sold pools, nearly missed seeing "Jim the Penman" at the Madison Square, because an unappreciative usher said peanut fiends weren't even allowed in the gallery of that play-house.

Jimmy Carroll, the middle-weight, says:
"Catch-as-catch-can wrestling isn't of much account to a fighter. Collar and elbow practice, though, is the greatest aid to a pugilist when fighting under the new rules of the London prize-ring. A really good catch-as-catch-can man does his work on the ground with his leg and arm holds. In a night, the wrestling is all over as soon as either man strikes the ground, and to throw a man in a prize-fight you must catch him fairly above the waist. Dempsey used to be a collar-and-elbow wrestler, as was Carroll. John L. Sullivan once said: "Give me a man who can hit, never mind about the John L. Sullivan once said: "Give me a man who can hit, never mind about the throwing part." Billy Edwards says: "A man must use judgment about wrestling in a fight, same as everything else. If you can throw a man without much of a struggle and fall on him, it's good. I used to go down as easy as I could when it came to a clinch in most of my fights and save my strength for hitting."

Jem Carney gets at the bottom of the evil when he talks of a cast-iron agreement for a fight or forfeit between himself and McAuliffe in black and white. It's easy enough to draw up the agreement, the difficulty is to get a stakeholder with nerve enough to hand over the money in spite of the excuses, technicalities and threats of suits at law of the side whose man is overweight or ill or afraid to fight.

There will be a big fifteen-ball pool tournament in this city before the holidays. The pool champions are getting back to the city with the return of cool weather. Messrs. J. D. Conner, Maurice Daly and Wm. Pomeroy, who are to be the managers, will look for a suitable hall next week. J. Louis Malone, who has just come from the country, Balbo, the Cuban, who will arrive next week. Al. Frey, the champion, Manning, King, of Philadelphia, Powers of Chicago, and an unknown will be the contestants.

The latest brilliant idea of the Manhattan Athletic Club is to furnish reports next summer to the newspapers of all athletic games in which Manhattan men compete. This is done because the "cherry diamond" wearers don't see themselves in print often enough. If they make this new move, Gus Sachs and C. C. Hughes will have notoriety and to spare. Every sporting writer will consider it a duty to jump on the imitators of the New York with both feet. Imagine the Dwyers, who aren't dependent on favorable paper notices for crack additions to their stables, furnishing the New York journals with reports of Sheepshead Bay, Monmouth Park and of Sheepshead Bay, Monmouth Park and Jerome races, so their names would be sure to be spelled correctly and in full.

Jem Carney, the light-weight champion of all England new, for the third time matched to fight McAuliffe for the international light-weight championship and \$4,500, arrived in this city from Boston last night. He is on a visit to his friend, Billy Tracey, and to-day will either visit the Jerome Park races or go out to see Charley Norton at Newark. Carney is very indignant over his treatment in the late match, but blames nobody but Holske for it. "I think I'll make this man (McAuliffe) go'me this time," he said. "But inst think, it's five and twenty to twenty we are a bettin' 'im. The idea of taking \$500 out of the stakes to pay me for a postponement! Holske got well paid for that, you can bet. I've trained sixteen times and fought a dozen battles, besides seein' some score of first-class fights, and it's the first thing of the kind I've ever heerd of."

Carney says he scales 149 pounds as he Jem Carney, the light-weight champion of

Carney says he scales 149 pounds as be stands now in his neat-fitting dark fall suit. His determined countenance looks the

picture of health. He is acclimated now and SCENES SUDDENLY SHIFTED says he is sure of winning.

I don't think this man as good as Mitchell." concluded the Englishman, "and Mitchell couldn't hit me."

Carney will return Friday and go into training again in Massachusetts, probably under "Nobby" Clarke's care in about a week.

BATH-TUBS ON WHEELS.

A Paris Luxury Suggested for Introduction



ALKING about nev enterprises springing up here," said a gentleman to a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD, 'why there are thousand of schemes yet untried that you will be hearing of some time. Now there is the Parisian bath, for

instance. Do you know how the Parisians pursue the practice said to be next to Godli-Having received the reporter's admission of

innocence as to the subject, the gentleman continued: "Well, to begin with, exceedingly few houses in Paris, except the big hotels, have bath-rooms. You might conclude from this statement that the Parisians are not particularly fond of bathing. But they are, and now I will tell you how they do it. We will suppose you are a Parisian living comfortably in a suite. Moreover we will suppose you take a morning bath every day in the year. Now all that is necessary for you to do is to leave your order at a bathing establishment and a man will come at the specified hour with a shining, roomy tub and deposit it near your bed. Then he will bring in a copper cylinder-shaped oven containing what they call a peignoir, which is thus kept warm until you put it on after stepping out of the tub. The man covers the bottom and sides of the tub with a sheet, and then fills the tub with water of the proper temperature, which he brings with him in his cart, a peculiar looking vehicle, by the way, resembling about as much as anything a gayly painted oblong boiler on wheels. Having thus prepared the bath, he adds one finishing stroke to it by dropping into the steaming water a considerable quantity of bathing powder, which serves as a skin tonic, and at the same time emits a lovely perfume, suggesting resinous odors of the woods. The man now withdraws for an hour and leaves you to enjoy your delicious ablutions.

"You emerge from the bath in half an hour ingly few houses in Paris, except the big ho-

"You emerge from the bath in half an hour

tions.

"You emerge from the bath in half an hour feeling like an entirely new man. It seems as though the exhilerating perfume of the water has entered your very soul. You step lightly out of the tub and slip on the warm peignoir as though it were a linen duster, which it slightly resembles, and by means of which you do not get to shivering while you are drying yourself.

"That is the way the Parisians bathe. This kind of a bath costs three francs sixty cents in Paris. In New York it should not more than half that sum. I think it a very good system to introduce in this city and I have had some idea myself of starting an establishment of the kind. It possesses superior advantages for the people who do not live in houses where there are bath-rooms. And the medicinal benefits of this powder stirred in the water are a great thing in addition to the fragrant quality it imparts. And then another advantage is that the tub is brought to you and everything is prepared. You can step out of bed in the morning into your tub and have a splendid scrub before dressing. For the reasons I have mentioned I am sanguine that the Parisian style of bathing would prove very popular in New York."

TEN MINUTES IN A SAVINGS BANK.

An old woman who evidently doesn't bathe A tidy French girl, evidently a nurse maid, leading a lovely child.

Enter a young German girl, who shakes her head at both propositions and says, "I wish to take out."

Discouraged-looking men and women pass by going to draw money. Those to deposit it look cheerful. A tall woman in an ulster, devoid of full-ness in the skirt. She takes short steps and walks in a semi-circle.

A man sits on a high stool inside the door, and to the bewildered-looking puts this in-invariable question, "Draw, or deposit?" A woman with a baby, a handkerchief, three parcels, a blanket and a dozen nickles. In her confusion she drops everything but the child.

A little girl of ten years comes in, modestly—"Please, sir, my mamma sent me, I know what to do," and she goes and does it. Nice little woman.

A buxom dame who immediately goes behind the door and disappears from view—
"She's gone to get her money out of her boots—or somewhere."

A poor old blind lady, who looks entirely contented, and smiles in the wrong direction when the man descends from his high stool to guide her to the paying teller.

An infirm old lady is led in by a young girl and a man. She wants to draw money and will do it herself, although she has to be supported at the window. She gathers it with nervous, claw-like fingers, and thrusts it into a black silk bag on her arm.

Degrees of Mourning.

M. Guibollard has just purchased one of those new square pianos made of unvarnished black wood without a single atom of gilding or colo about it.

about it.

'Good heavens!" remarked a friend, 'what a
funereal piece of furniture."

'I must explain to you," replied M. Gulbollard.

'We have just lost a distant relative, and so I
thought it would be more suitable and proper for
our little dances during the coming winter."

WILLIAM DALYS SAN FRANCISCO TRIP TERMINATED AT JERSEY CITY.

Enterprise Overcomes Willia lette's Decision Not to Play-Mrs. Abbey's Part in "The Mouse Trap "-Fog on the Stage at Nible's Complications by Miss Kate Forsythe's Illness.



OTH as a pathetic in stance of the instabili. ty of things theatrical. and as showing the amiability of managers, the following is

related: William Daly, the well-known stage was to superintend the

cisco, arranged for sleeping accommodation, and started. Unfortunately for Manager Hayman, who had engaged Daly, the director had to pass through Jersey City. No sooner had he set his foot in that region than he met W. C. Tompkins, the manager of Miss Myra Goodwin, now starring in Kidder's "Philopene." The gentlemen took a drink and waxed confidential. Mr. Tompkins, in a burst of generosity, begged Mr. Daly to stav with him and take charge of the stage work of Miss Goodwin's tour. Mr. Daly, in his innocent good nature, could not resist. He flew back to New York and entreated Mr. Hayman to release him from his engagement. The manager, who is nothing if not obliging, agreed, and Mr. Daly left San Francisco to take care of itself.

Some surprise was felt in theatrical circles yesterday when it was learned that William Gillette had signed a contract to play Sothern's part in "The Great Pink Pearl" and "Editha's Burglars" during a tour of twelve weeks through the principal cities. Mr. Gillette had positively decided—the word positive has no meaning in the dramatic world—not to play this season. He succumbed to good terms. Mr. Harris, of the Hollis Street Theatre, in Boston, came to this city yesterday and secured Mr. Gillette in the Lyceum's attractions for his house. Mr. Harris could have had Mrs. Potter and company, but her terms were not as advantageous as those offered by Mr. Gillette's managers. Some surprise was felt in theatrical circles

People who saw "The Mouse Trap" at Wallack's on Tuesday night are deploring the fact that Mrs. Abbey appeared in such a lugubrious role as that of toxocological Beatrice Selwyn. The part assigned Miss Rose Coghlan would have been much more suitable. Miss Coghlan was allowed first choice, however, and she wisely selected the comedy role. Mrs. Abbey will feel more at home when "Caste" which will follow "The Mouse Trap" at Wallack's, is produced.

Rider Haggard's "She" is giving considable trouble to those who are about to render it dramatically at Niblo's. The stage is to be entirely monopolized in one scene by "working" clouds and dense fog. These will be cleared away and the head of the Ethiopian will be shown in the manner described in the will be shown in the manner described in the novel. The people called the Amhaggers will be represented by supers, clad in furs and

Telegrams were received in this city yester-day announcing that Miss Kate Forsythe was seriously ill in San Francisco, and, of course, unable to play her part in "Clito," now run-ning at the Baldwin Theatre.

Eben Plympton is doomed to dire disappointment, as far as his cherished play of "Jack" is concerned. He has had the most unlimited faith in that play, but has had very little success with it. Mr. Plympton recently refused several engagements in order that he might accept one to play "Jack" for a week in San Francisco. Miss Forsythe was to assume the leading female role, but her illness will now, in all prhbability, necessitate the postponement of the production.

Actresses with Pet Dogs. Ada Rehan prizes a noble collie. dles a King Charles Mrs. Henry E. Abbey is fond of a spitz. Verona Jorbeau owns a comical poodle. Agnes Booth has a valuable King Charles Mrs. James Lewis promenades with a setter. Mrs. Bronson Howard has a black and tax. Maud Harrison is proud of her Newfound-

Lillian Russell has a spaniel to amuse the Mme, Cotrelly has a coach dog black and Rose Coghlan has one of the Wallack shep-herd dogs.

Miss Marie Wilton pets a massive New-foundland. Before Helen Dauvray married Johnnie Ward she was devoted to a hairless Japan

How to Find Out. * [From the Binghamton Republican.]
**Trees have voices," declares a poet. There-

fore if you want to know the condition of a tree

MANY FORGETFUL PASSENGERS.

me Account of the Articles They Lenvo



E find all sorts of lost articles on our steamers," said General Agent Lovell, of the Fall River Line, in answer to a question put by a reporter for THE EVENING WORLD. " Mention some of them, please."

"Ladies' nightgowns are, perhaps, the most numerous, and some of our lady, passengers leave their bangs, powder-boxes and puff-balls, and other articles of wearing apparel and for use in adorning their complexions. We find

the well-known stage
director, who was to
have left this city Monday night for 'San
Francisco, where he
was to superintend the
production of "Her
Atonement," is still
in the metropolis. The
gentleman bought his
ticket for San Franleeping accommodation,
ortunately for Manager
gaged Daly, the director
Jersey City. No sooner
of that region than he met
manager of Miss Myra
ing in Kidder's "Philomen took a drink and
Mr. Tompkins, in a
begged Mr. Daly to stay
charge of the stage work
tour. Mr. Daly, in his
e, could not resist. He A good many travelling-bags are left behind by owners who are in haste to get away, and it is curious to see how positive they are that they left them in certain places; but when told that they left them somewhere else they are astonished."

are astonished."

"Sometimes we find packages of money under the pillows, but not often, and the passengers who forget them generally return very quickly to the boat after discovering their loss and obtain their property. One lady lost a very valuable sacque a good while ago, and it was some time before she remembered she might have left it on one of our steamers. I found it and returned it to her. All articles that are marked in any way that will enable us to identify the owner are sent promptly to him or her. Besides our examiners we have a detective on each boat, and they find a good many articles which are left behind or mislaid by passengers. We have never had anything of value unclaimed and therefore have no sales of lost articles."

RIPPLES FROM THE HARLEM.

Davy Roach never takes off his fierce red worsted skull cap. His head is like our own Bill Nye's.

William J. Cody, the many-time champion of the Mets and Atalantas, won't pull a stroke unless his faded gray hat is in the boat for iuck.

John H. Abeel, jr., or "Jackabeel" to all the boys, always parts his hair and beard ex-actly in the middle. This to make his paper shell trim exactly even.

Georgie Philips always chews spruce gum as he rows. Says it soothes the nerves and is a great thing to make a boat go fast. He's a N. Y. A. C. man. Col. Rathburne, Phillips's partner in the double sculls, can reach out further than any other short man on the river.

Big John Canavan looks statuesque in his yellow and black Nonpareil uniform. He has been rowing for twenty years and says he's good for twenty more. His hobby is total abetimence.

Phil Schile and Sheridan Mahoney, "Mets" crack double, are young but hustlers. Phil is a sleight-of-hand man, and can do" valise trick" in a way that rattles professionals. All his brothers are fine oars-

Val Mott is the tallest oarsman in the New York Athletic Club. His strong points are red cheeks, big mustache and unceasing hunger for hard work. He landed his junior fsur a winner last Saturday by sheer pluck, strength and coolness. How in the world Fred Vilmar finds tim

to be Secretary of the Harlem Begatta Associ-aton, First Lieutenant of the Nassau Boat Club and yet do faithful training is a

A Bright Scholar.

Mission Founder-" I called, sir, to see if you would not give a few dollars more for our local mission among the Chinamen ?" Merchant-" No, I won't."

M. F.- 'But, my dear sir, you yourself have our work.

M.—" How?"

M. F.—" How? Didn't you engage one of the Chinese purits in our Sunday-School for your establishment?"

M.—"Yes, made a collector of him."
M.F.—"So I heard. He is one of the brands matched from the burning. He entirely forsook leathenish ways. By the way, where is he now?"
M.—"In Canada."

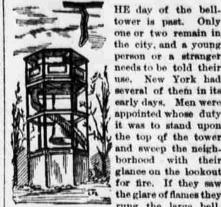
Coolin' Days' Song. [From the New Orleans Pimes-D De fallin' wedder's comin' fas' ! Dese sunny days da cyarn' na las' ! When hosres neigh en geeses play,

> Come fas' ! Come at las' ! Coolin' days come ter pass; Fire hot-put on de pot-Fill de pouch wid squirrel shot

SOME OLD-TIME BELL TOWERS.

ONE ANCIENT CUSTOM THAT HAS NOT BEEN ALLOWED TO DIE OUT.

How Fire Alarms wer? Sounded From the Old Towers-The Mount Morris People Unwilling to Dispense with the Ringing of Their Bell-Talk with the Old Bell-Ringer-Where the Towers were Put.



tower is past. Only one or two remain in the city, and a young person or a strangel needs to be told their use. New York had several of them in its early days. Men were it was to stand upon the top of the tower and sweep the neigh-borhood with their glance on the lookout for fire. If they saw

rung the large bell which told the story in startling peals and summoned the fire engines. There were towers of this kind at the Post-Office, City Hall, Marion street, Essex street, Spring street, Jefferson Market, Thirty-third, Fiftyfirst and Eighty-eighth streets and at Harlem. But they gradually disappeared as more perfect arrangements were perfected for the safety of the city. One, with an immense bell, was pulled down about a year ago in Spring street, near Varick.

The old bell-tower at Mount Morris still stands on a little hill in the park and it will probably not be removed. The iron tongue of the bell sends forth its notes, but not to slarm as of yore. The bell was not rung for nearly a year, since it no longer served any purpose. But the people complained. They had been used to hearing it and liked the

purpose. But the people complained. They had been used to hearing it and liked the sound. So it is now rung three times a day by a fireman from the engine-house on One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. He strikes the hour on the bell at 8 in the morning, at noon and at 9 in the evening.

James McCusker is an old bell-ringer on the Mount Morris tower. He is fifty-seven years of age, and is at present superintending the laying of gas pipes, under a contract, for fifty-six miles. "The tower was built in 1854," he said. "The first bell-man was Christopher Siemen, who now has a farm down in Virginia. I was appointed to the position in 1860 and continued in it four years. It was a political position, which the Mayor had the disposal of. A force of three men ran the tower. Some one had to be there all the time. It was not very comfortable, for it is cold up there in winter and hot in summer, and then a man was altogether to himself. We used to be glad enough to welcome visitors. They broke the monotony. When a bell-man was stationed there regularly a great many people used to climb up the steps to enjoy the view. A fireman was given charge of it in 1867. It is of no use now, and is used only as a landmark. When the tower was built it was a good way off from New York, and the whole country round about was marsh and fields. The salary was \$1,000 a year. I went on at 8 o'clock in the evening. Then I was relieved until 8. Then I was off until 6 o'clock in the evening of the first day."

"I broke the bell once sounding the alarm for a fire over in Bloomingdale," cuntinued Mr. McClusker. "Barnum's circus, at Elm Park, was on fire. At the second stroke of the fourth alarm I noticed that the bell was cracked. It was four times the size of this bell. Why, they used to hear it in Westchester village, and that is six miles away. Three months afterward they took the bell down and put up this smaller one. The tower stands just as it was built. Nothing has been done to it except for necessary repairs. This present bell was put in a

This present bell was put in about 1863. The Fire Commissioners appoint the man who rings the bell now. But it is nothing of a position. The fireman simply goes up three times a day to ring it. There is no salary."

The view from the top of the tower is a fine one. When the air is clear many points of interest can be seen. McCombe's Dam, High Bridge, the Palisades, with the silver Hudson flowing smoothly along at either base, are seen in one direction. In another direction the Catholic Protectory stands out from the green of the woods, and some of the prominent Westchester homes. The view extends up the Sound as far as Fort the prominent Westchester homes. The view extends up the Sound as far as Fort Schuyler. With a glass the flag can be descried on the old flag-staff. Randall, Ward and Blackwell islands are pretty sights from the tower, with their big buildings and green trees. The old Rhinelander Mansion, now the Convent of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, may be seen at the southeast. So also the John Jacob Astor residence (the grandfather of the present John Jacob), which is near the Rhinelander house. With a glass the wooded shores of Staten Island may also be seen.

The bell-tower in Mount Morris Park is not a very attractive specimen of architec-

The bell-tower in Mount Morris Park is not a very attractive specimen of architecture, and even the ravages of time will not moulder it into picturesque decay. It is an octagonal building, four stories in height. The lowest story is of closed sides, clapboarded and painted an olive green. The second and third stories are open. Eighty fluted iron columns support them. The fourth story has the octagonal room where the watchman used to shield himself from the storm or chill of winter. The walk around this room is protected by a handrailing. Here the guardian of the district made his rounds, keeping an eye out for any

ongue of flame that might leap forth from the scene below him.

An iron stairway winds to the top. From two iron girders between the second and third floors the bell hangs—a large one with a good tone, though several times smaller than the one which used to be there. Large bells were used in all the bell-towers, as it was necessary to get a big sound that could be heard over a wide circuit. The bell-tower in Mount Morris Park sounded the alarm for the district extending from Fifty—ninth street to High Bridge. The present bell can be heard as far as Fordham.

So it stands there, the relic of a past system, without the hoariness of age to make it a moving spectacle. There is no reason why it should ever be removed. It adorns the hill top, and the young people sit on the seats around it in these pleasant October days. As the fireman ascends the spiral stairway to clang the hour of 9 on evenings when the wind is whistling about the top, he probably feels glad enough to think that there is no staying up there to be done, as formerly.

WHERE TIME IS PLENTY.

South Fifth Avenue's Queer Little Shop That is Full of Watches.

On South Fifth avenue, between Bleecker and Houston streets, is a small, box-like store, where the rays of such sunlight as the tracks of the elevated road allow to enter are reflected from hundreds of gold and silver watches exhibited attractively in the single window and about the place. Within, the barely andible ticking of the tiny timepieces makes incessant music, varied occa-sionally by the ponderous and slow strokes of two old-fashioned clocks, which seem to fur-nish a basso accompaniment.

The watches are many of them of old pat-

The watches are many of them of old patterns, a single open-face among the score. The absence of many gold cases is accounted for by the character of the business and the neighborhood. Here the purchasers carry a time-piece for use only. As an ornament for personal adornment they have no use for it. The little \$3 ticker serves them as good purpose as a \$50 affair to the uptown purchaser, who feels that if he wants a time-piece he might as well have an elaborate one, as long as there are funds with which to puras long as there are funds with which to pur-chase it.

In the store the stock is continually chang In the store the stock is continually changing. The row of tickers which to-day will attract the eye, to-morrow, perhaps, will be hidden in the waistcoat pocket of some industrious and impecunious young man. Others, perhaps, that have adorned the brass rail across the window, and flashed back the sunlight, to-morrow will be in pieces, one portion in one case and another in another case, according as the repairs of watches demand. It is frequently the case that a watch needing repairing is brought to this little place, where the stock on hand of screws, springs, hands and faces is not sufficiently varied to meet the exigencies of the work. It is then the old-patterned cases are opened, slowly despoiled of their works, and finally left hollowed, nothing but the outside covers rehollowed, nothing but the outside covers re-maining. This demolition would seem a waste of material, but, on the contrary, the bright watchmaker makes every piece valuable. Even the cases are out to pieces, shaped into scarf pins and other articles of adornment, and

These cases come from all over the country. They are bought in exchange when necessity compels their sale, and many of them are kept long in stock. In the entire aggregation their number will exceed one huntred and fifty, varying in price from \$3 to \$10, seldom higher, for the needs of patrons are not extravagant, whatever their desires are.

Waiting for Another Torando.

"So this is Mudville that the tornado destroyed?" queried a passenger of a conductor of the Dusty Bumper division. Yep.

" Did it do much damage ?" "Note; not much. It blew down a couple of barns, the school house, and washed away the bridge."
"Quite a serious accident, then, I should say. Will we be delayed?"
"Yep, unless we have snother tornado."
"Another tornado?"
"Yep; so's to blow the bridge into place again."

No Witch Mintress for Bridget.

[From the Detroit Free Press.] Mrs. High Jinks (very English)—Bridget, see the brougham is at the door? Bridget-An' what would ye be wa tin' wid the

broom, mum?

Mrs. H. J.—I am going out to ride.

Bridget (autto voce)—Och, muriher, it's a witch she is, to be ridin' out on a broom? I'il be after lavin' at once for service wid a dacent family.

Consolation for Every Ill. [From the Chicago Herold,] Whatever ills befall me now, Whatever woes betide me, One memory I have, I trow.

One memory I have, I trow,
To comfort and to guide me.
Let poverty and want assail,
Let Fame refuse her giances,
I will not let my courage fail—
I've shaken hands with Frances.

Let all my trusted friends desert,
Let Fortune fair fly from me,
Let her I love be proud and pert,
My raiment not become me;
Let me be ever deep in debt,
Let friends refuse advances,
Let dark clouds lower; I'll not forget
I've shaken hands with Frances.

Let countless promissory notes Let countiess promissory notes Come due when unexpected. May ev'ry girl who on me dotes He straightway disaffected. Whene'er I seek an heiress's hand, May something spoil my chances. All this and more I can withstand— I've shaken hands with Frances.

I will forget all rude unrest And ev'ry care that fidgets, When I remember I have pressed Those dear, delightful digits. Then totter, castles in the six, And vanish, fair romances, I'll miss ye not, for I'm aware I've shaken hands with Frances.

Cleveland's Western Trip.
Volunteer and Thistle.
"FALL OF NEW BASYLON."
THREE NEW BONOS.
Baturday Matines, 2.3 14 TH STREET THEATRE.

MATINE PALIMER

"The dear public libed by "The

"The dear public liked her."—Times, Oct. II.
In two piaces. A double bill.
Promptly all o'clock the charming one act operations, and the RESPER
will begin. And at 8.30 the popular fantasy,
MY WEETHEA. T.

AMUSEMENTS.

DOCKSTADER'S.

H.R.JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE. Prices. 10c.: Res. Seats. 20c. & 30c.

House packed. Not even standing room.
Matinees Monday, Wednesday and Saturday
BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S "CLIC." Box office always open. Beware of spect Oct. 17. THE WILBUR OPERA CO. UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

ON HILL HENRIETTA IS ECOMING.

EVENINGS, S. 1A SATURDAY MATINER, 2.

ROBBIO COMPETING RANE.

IN BROLESS HOWARD COMPET.

THE HENRIETTA.

SEATS SECURED TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

BUNNELL'S MUSEUM, SEALS, The very largest show ever given.

Open from noon until 10 P. M.

POOLE'S THEATRE, Bib at., between 4th ave. DOOLE'S THRATRE.

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BO CENTS.

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BO CENTS.

A NATINEES Mon., Week of Ori. 17, by arrangement with A.

PALMER, the Madieur Square HAZEL KIEKE. 23D STREET TABERNACLE.

EXHIBITION OF M. DE MUNKACSY'S GREAT "CHRIST ON CALVARY." Companion to the picture.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

OPHN DAILY, 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

ADMISSION, 50 CENTS.

"It impresses use more than any picture I have seen."—Rev. Dr. Mulcahey, of St. Paul's Chapel.

CHICKERING HALL.

CHICKERING HALL.

Bondsy, Oct. 17 and Wednesdey, Oct. 18,

Boots of SIGNORINA TERREN.

F. VAN DER STUCKEN

A. Lambert, Planist, Oct. 17; William H. Sherwood

Planist, Oct. 10. William Thanks, Musical Director,

Admission, \$1; Seats, \$1,50 and \$2. A CADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th st. and bring class A TH WEEK. Evenings at 8. Mat. Sa. 21. Relaborate production of the latest London Resolvest A DARK SECRET.

Reserved scate 50c., 75c., \$1. Family circle, 25c.

GENERAL ADMISSION, 50c.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
Wed. MR. AND MRS. Mc.
Mat. IN THE GOLDE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

Weed, Secretary and secretary and baloncy, and the control of STAR THEATRE.
Commencing next Monday Evening,
Engagement of Mr.
JOSEPH JEFFERSON,
who will appear as Bob Acres in
THE RIVALS.
Seats now on sale.

5 TH AVE. THEATRE, Evenings at 8. MRS. LANOVRY Medicos at 2. MRS. LANOVRY MORE and be accompanied by MAURICE BARRYMORE AND BEAUTIFUL BARRYMORE BEAUTIFUL BARRYMORE AND BEAUTIFUL BARRYMORE BEA AS IN A LOOKING GLASS.

Banjo—HENRY C. DOBSON, MANUFATURES and teacher of the patent silver-bell banjo. Ignarantee to teach this popular instrument in one course of ten weeks lessens, with regular musical notation or by my simple method without notes, as the pupil may desire. HENRY C. DOBSON, 1270 Broadway.

WALLACK'S, under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ARBEY, THE Unberacters by Messry, Comond Tears, MOUSE. Cherica Groves, R. D. Ward, Sam Sothers, TRAP. Abbry, Evenings at S. 16, Sat. Mat., L. H. BUOU OPERA-HOUSE. LAST WERE

DU OPERA-HOUSE. LAST 1
Last three nights. Saturday Matthew at 2.
BAL-BUILY TROUBADOURS. L'erum turaspha directe alte The creat fine feare

THALIA TO-NIGHT AND TO-MOHROW.

DROP OF POISON.

Saturday Matines—Strakosch and the Thalis Compan
Saturday evening—Junkermann, Inspector Breezig. SAYINGS OF POLITICIANS

Ex-Excise Commissioner Haughton—Ex-Mayor Grace and Commissioner Croker are very friendly. What's up?

Ex-Mayor Edward Murphy, of Troy-Edward Kearney has invested a great deal of money in Saratoga real estate.

James W. Boyle—What has become of ex-Mayors Wickham, Ely and Edson? Have they lost their pull in politics? Police Justice Maurice J. Power-Of course I think James Fitzgerald could be elected District-Attorney.

John J. O'Brien—I won't be driven out of politics. I want to keep in to get square with some ingrates. Felix McClosey—I remember Steve French when he used to run a grocery store at Sag Harbor.

Senator McMillan, of Buffalo—I expect to be nominated. The next Senate will have many new members.

Subway Commissioner Gibbens—How can you place the wires underground unless you dig up the streets?

Timothy J. Campbell—I hear that John C. Jacobs is going back to the Senate. He has been out one term. A True Bill.

(Prom the Philosophic Call.)
"Can you tell me," wrote Mabel, "what I can
do to change the color of my hair? It is red, and I am atraid to use a dye."

"Get rich," wrote the editor in reply, "and
the newspapers will change it to auburn or spun

Why Adam Melton Married His Housekeeper. [A STORY BY NYM CRINELE.]

esday's EVENING WORLD DIOCY; nonsense! said Dr. Birchell. 'There's nothing the matter with your brain "I uttered a cry of dismay.
"The most harmless thing in the world,' he ejaculated "There's

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I foolishly allowed the fear to take full pos- bly session of me. But while giving way mor-

bidly to the apprehension, I at the same time brought all my intelligence into play in de-vising plans of prevention. I read everything that had been written upon catalepsy. and, as is usual, fitted myself to all the cases

expedients offered the slightest security, and that was the confidence and co-operation of a stunch friend. But I was effectually pre vented from appealing to the sympathy of my aunt or her acquaintances by the general impression already created that I was something of a monomaniac. My valetudinarian habits and complaints vexed her unreasonably, and to go to her now with the new crotchet of premature burial would be only to invite her ridicule and contempt. I was actually ashamed to make a confident of anybody. Ju was the only person who appeared to have the least sympathy for me. If I overworld,' he ejaculated.
"There's only one danger, and that is that your friends will bury you before your time. Now that, I confess, is not comfortable; but, my dear fellow, neither is it probable."
"A new horror now stared me in the fees.

to have the least sympathy for me. If I overslept myself I was sure to hear her timid rap at my door, and the inquiry if I was quite well. If I was beguiled into the debauchery of late hours, and came home at 2 o'clock in the morning, letting myself in ever so softly, I was sure to detect her peering down over the balustrade as I came upstairs. It seemed inevitable that this girl's solicitude, for which I do not believe she could give the slightest rational excuse, should draw me to her. Then the idea occurred to me of making a confidante of her, and some conservative instinct within me grasped at the thought with a zest that my reason could not account for. "A new horror now stared me in the face day and night. I felt that if these attacks grew in frequency and duration I was in danger of being hurried into a premature grave he fear to take full poswhile giving way mornsion, I at the same time elligence into play in deprending. I read everywitten upon catalepsy, in myself to all the cases me plan that out of all my

burying me alive. But that wos a calamity which could not possibly occur if he were present.

"Now comes the most remarkable part of my narrative. This Dr. Cruden—that was his name—fell desperately in love with Ju. He had no hesitation in telling me of it, and in assuring me that the girl had inflamed him with a passion that it was beyond his power to control. He even made a clean breast of it to my aunt, and she, looking upon it as a rather romantic and every way desirable match for her housekeeper, placed no obstacle in the way. So he came to visit her in the house, and I used to see them sitting together in the dining-room of evenings in the most sociable relationship. In fact, I very frequently joined them, and the doctor and I would go off into a discussion far beyond the depth of Ju, who sat there sewing and beaming in her quiet, healthy way. It was at such a time that I introduced the subject of catalepsy, and Cruden, seeing that Ju was intensely interested, gave an account of several cases of trance in which mere suspension of function had been mistaken for death. I remarked that there was a hereditary tendency in my family to this disease, and I expected to have it myself some day. Turning to her carclessly, I added, 'If ever they should find me dead in my bed, Ju, don't you let them bury me till Dr. Cruden gives the word, will you?

"I recall now the look and tone with which

you?

'I recall now the look and tone with which that girl, resting her industrious fingers in her lsp, replied as her eyes met mine. 'No, I will not! She had given a seriousness and an import to her answer that my assumed carelessness did not warrant.

'Dr. Cruden's attachment to Ju, I will not deny it, annoyed me. All invalids are selfish. Perhaps, however, my interest in the

after a careful examination with the stethoscope, he assured me that my heart was sound and that the trouble arose from a change of nervous force from the muscles to the ganglionic centres, which was the result of introspective habits and a certain constitutional tendency. There was no lesion, he said, and the only possible danger was in mistaking the suspension of muscular power for the suspension of muscular power for the suspension of vitality, or, in other words, of burying me alive. But that wos a calamity which could not possibly occur if he were present. lectual sensualist. Ju was doubtless flattered by his attentions, but he acknowledged to me that she gave him very little encouragement. One night I sauntered into the dining-room and found her alone with her work. Sha might be expecting the doctor, and I sat down familiarly and began to talk about him. I praised him at some length in a careless strain, when she interrupted me by asking in the blunt, direct way of a woman, 'Do you like him?' 'I admire him.' 1 replied. 'He is a very

clever man and must one of these days be wealthy and influential one. 'He has asked me to marry him,' she said quietly.

quenched as by a stroke of lightning the evening before, and had been perched there all night stiff and cold, to all intents a corpse. The muscular rigidity had extended to all parts of my body for the first time. So, then, instead of outgrowing the malady, it had been insidiously gathering strength. It was an hour before I could stand upon my feet and use my arms, and Ju rapped twice at the door and would not go away until she heard my voice, and had poked a letter through on the sill. It was from Dr. Cruden.

"Wait a moment. I've got it here; you shall read it." shall read it.

ing note in a secretary, which he handed me to read: MY DEAR ADAM: You have ruined my hopes My DEAR ADAR: 100 mer was also with you should have done it I cannot conceive unless you want the girl yourself. She has refused me. I don't know of any way at present to return your kindness, but I have heard old women asy where there is will there's a way. Yours, as ever, Children.

quietly.

"'Very well, Ju; if you like him nobody can say a word against it.'

"No?' she responded interrogatively and, as I thought, plaintively. 'Would you advise me to marry him?'

"There was something in this question that went past all mere conventionality to sincerity. I felt that it was the appeal of a faithful, inexperienced creature to my lionersty. I hesitated a moment and then answered: 'No, I would not, for with all his cleverness I don't believe he would make you happy, Ju, and I have no reason to wish anything but happiness for one who has carned so much of my gratitude.' As I said this Dr. Cruden entered the room. I believe that he heard the whole of the conversation. He saluted me as usual, but looked at me hard. The girl was cool and self-possessed and went on with her work; and I shortly afterwards left them together.

"I was working very hard at that time. I had the pamphlet on Communism to finish, and was up to my ears in that book on classic authors. Fancy, if you can, my feelings the next morning to find myself sitting at the escritoire, with the pen in my hand, glued fast at an uncompleted word, the sun pouring into the room, and I trying to pull myself to gether, as we say, and recollect who I was and how I got there. I must have been

"The first conscious impression that I re-ceived after that was of a muffled bell strik-ing, while I seemed to be emerging slowly from the glooms and forgetfulness of the ing, while I seemed to be emerging slowly from the glooms and forgetfulness of the grave. Presently I comprehended that it was John, the waiter, knocking at my door, but it sounded to me as if he were hammering a bronze gate with a sledge. I tried to answer him, but could not utter a word. I tried to open my eyes, to move my arms, to struggle, to gasp—it was in vain. I was locked up in death's embrace. Ah, if one could only explain in words the horror of emotion without the power to express it! Then I endeavored to collect my thoughts, which in the agony of fear was hard enough. I remembered the shower-bath. It seemed a hundred years zgo. I recalled one by one the circumstances of the previous night and painfully put them together in their sequence of action. I was conscious that I was lying partly on my left side, that my jaw had fallen and that my right arm was resting on my breast. "It is seemed also that my heart was beating regularly, but with unusually loud pulsations, and I said to myself. 'Nobody can for a moment suppose I am dead with that furious palpitation going on.' It was some moments before my attention was sufficiently arrested by this and the raticemative process connected Melton then got up and found the followmy attention was sufficiently arrested by this tion going on.' It was some moments before my attention was sufficiently arrested by this and the ratiocinative process connected enough to guess at the truth, which was that the pulsating sounds were the ticking of my watch against the head-board of the bed, where I had hung it. I tried to forecast the events that were about to take place about me, and to estimate my chances of recovery. I projected the appearance of my room in my mind, building the picture up in my brain by details, saying. 'there is the window, there is the mantel with my revolver over it and there is the escritoire.' Then I heard the thunderous knocks on the door again and voices as if in consultation; then a new sound that old me that some one was looking over the transom, and as distinctly as if I saw it I knew that somebody had run down stairs, and that the first shock in the sensations that were to come had arrived, namely, alarm. As if to compensate the loss of vision, the sense of hearing was greatly increased. I heard my sunt's step on

the stairs, and could even detect the rustle of her dress, and knew that she was attired for her morning ride. The door was pushed open. There was a scream, all manner of confused ejaculations and orders, and a fall, as if my aunt had fallen. When she recovered she sent for the dootor and for Ju, and then gave way to lamentations: 'Oh, this is awful! So sudden! Oh, dear! what is to become of me, and poor Miss Feathers, tonaugh, too? What a blow! My God! will that girl never come? Will nobody do anything? It's to be a funeral instead of a marriage! I can't believe it—I can't believe it!'

"I felt a rough hand laid upon my face, and the attempt made to close my mouth. It must have been John, for he said, "He's been dead several hours, ma'am. He's stone-cold."

"After that my arm was with great difficulty laid by my side, I was placed on my back, and the sheet pulled up over my face, I knew, also, by the sound that they were darkening the room. Alsa! the appalling ceremonial had commenced! I was gives up without a question or a hope. Where, on where was Ju!

"She came presently after all the others had gone. John came with her. I heard her glad voice, and there was a strange balm in it. 'There he is,' said John. 'There's no more work for him this side of the grave-yard.' She tore the sheet off my face, and I felt that she was looking at me intently. John was sauntering round the room on tiptoe and carrying on the conversation. 'I s'pose I'll have to carry the notices,' said he, now Jim's gone, and help the undertakers. When's it to be,' Did the old woman say?

"Ju said nothing and he kept on.

"And somebody's got to go over to the plot. There's work enough and nobody but me fit to do if. What are you opening the winders for?"

"Because I want some light,' said Ju.

"You can go down stairs if you've got so

"'Because I want some light,' said Ju.
'You can go down stairs if you've got so
much to do. I'll stay here.'

"Well, you always did pick your company,"
replied the man: 'but somebody's got to go
over and break it to the Featherstonaughe
and I thought it would be you.

(Continued in Friday's Eventue Would.)